

MAY what you may about the north, the people there don't make a hero of a bloody seducer and assassin as is too frequently the case here. We have seen men come out of the Court-house, finally acquitted of a heinous murder by absolutely wearing the case out, have people who should have looked on them with the loathing that they deserved, actually crowd each other for the honor of getting the first shake of the hand, which if its owner had his deserts, would be stiff in death for taking that life it could not give. Besides a fearful example to the rising generation, this disgusting business serves to create a longing for a still greater achievement in the murder business in the heart of the man, thus heroized. It is not so north, we are glad to say, at least not in Duke's case at Uniontown, Pa. This fellow, endowed by nature with a handsome face and oily tongue and honored by his fellow-citizens to the position of member of the Legislature, succeeded with all these accomplishments in winning the heart of a lovely but too trusting girl, who in an evil moment yielded to his devilish entreaties and gave up her honor. The promise of marriage remained unfulfilled, and the day that would publish to the world her shame drawing nigh, her father, a gentleman of means and respectability, approached the lecherous scoundrel and asked him to save the girl's name, when he whipped out a revolver and shot him dead. Duke was arrested and tried and a bought jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. This greatly excited the populace, who in public meeting indignantly denounced the jurors and said all manner of mean things against them. In the meantime, Duke made himself scarce, but had the temerity on Tuesday last to go to the scene of his seduction and murder. The General Assembly had already declared his seat vacant, and a band of the best citizens of Uniontown met him, informed him of the resolutions they had adopted, and gave him just 24 hours to arrange his business and leave the city forever. This is the only way to make murder odious. The murderer must be ostracized and looked on with contempt everywhere. He should not be permitted to live in the community he has outraged, and his evil report should follow him wherever he goes. The curse that was set up on Cain for the murder of his brother Abel should follow him all the days of his life, whether acquitted or not, for the taking of human life is rarely ever excusable. The Judges and jurors can do but little in stamping out murder. Public sentiment must assist in crushing it out.

COL. JONES had the dishonor of being introduced to a Frankfort audience the other night by his Fraudulency Blackburn, and we would advise him right now, if he expects to get place in this State to steer clear of the Blackburn family. The Col. was very complimentary to Owsley and Knott and abused those newspaper reporters that had charged him with talking about their whisky drinking proclivities. One thing he said which struck us very forcibly as a Blackburn dodge was that, "It is my highest ambition to be Governor and if I am honored with the place will seek no further preferment." We do not wish any more Governors that are so easy to satisfy, but men who have sufficient aspirations to cause them to pay some attention at least to public opinion. No, no, that dodge can not be worked but once. Jones claimed that all his life he had labored for the party and had visited all the sections in the party's interest. Owsley and Knott had never made a speech outside their districts until they were candidates. We don't like to repeat it but they do say that Jones never made a speech in his life outside his district except to further his interests for Governor. Now Col. honor bright, isn't this so?

VANDER BILT him a new palace in New York, and opened this week with a ball, the cost of which is estimated anywhere from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000. The floral decorations alone cost \$10,000. Mrs. Vanderbilt appeared as "Electric Light," being completely enveloped in a dress of diamonds. In the language of old we enquire: why was not the money wasted in this display divided among the poor—the poor newspaper men, for instance? "The people be d—d, though, is Van's sentiment."

MR. AND MRS. YOUNG E. ALLISON, (the former the managing editor of the Louisville Commercial and the latter the manager of Mr. Allison,) we salute you, and may you be happy always as now.

THE addition of our old friend, Dr. John D. Woods, to the Bowling Green Gazette will make that already excellent paper the best in the State.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

G. P. Huntington, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, is said to have decided to build a Union Depot in Louisville.
—The Warren County Democrats have nominated Judge W. H. Payne and Wm. Meredith for the Legislature and Clark has nominated T. G. Stuart.
—David Ferguson, the Louisville Tax Collector indicted of embezzling the city's funds, has pleaded guilty, and received a sentence of five years in the Penitentiary.
—SHORT NEWS ITEMS.—Mrs. Hittedidn't get a cent of the \$25,000 she wanted of the Courier-Journal Co. for libel. It is too bad.
—Thomas H. Herndon, Congressman-elect from the First Alabama District, is dead. The Chicago democrats have nominated Mayor Carter Harrison for re-election. Wm. Hitt Kellogg has been indicted for complicity in the Star Route cases. Cope Snapp, of the Louisville swindlers, has cleared himself of one indictment.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Barnes and Miss Marie Hear the Great Spurgeon, And Again Visit Westminster Abbey.

AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING LETTER.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, E. C. MAR. 11, '93

Dear Sir:—

Again Marie and I are sitting up with our sick brother—Dr. Stoddard—and an opportunity is given to write up the events of the day.
We went to hear Spurgeon in the morning. A walk of two squares brings us to "Kingsland Road," where we take the "tram" (one street car) and go by it to the city limits, past which the tram is a forbidden luxury. At that point, however, we take a bus, which crosses London Bridge and lands us at the "Elephant and Castle," one of London's best-known landmarks, which is a short block from Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The bus management is different from ours in this, among other things, that instead of driving through for one fare, they have halting places and an increase of charge for the longer distances. For example, we pay "tuppence" each (4c) from our "Dalston Junction" to "Shoreditch," where the bus halts for a few minutes. But if we go on over London Bridge to the Elephant and Castle, we pay "threepence" (6c) and so on. As we were about to start from "Shoreditch" this morning we heard a shout in the distance, and the conductor said to the driver, "I say Bill, look 'ats comin'!" Accordingly we joined the driver in looking and saw coming down a side street a fat old gentleman with the funniest waddle imaginable, puffing and blowing to make the connection. The officials obligingly waited and he landed at last on the cushioned seat quite spent. He turned out a nice old gentleman, going to the Tabernacle, as we were, himself being a member of Spurgeon's church. He kindly undertook to guide us from the Elephant and Castle, which, I may say in passing, is a very plain building, facing a triangular open space where several streets meet, with no elephant about it, but four small castles in a row together on the centre of the front edge. It was doubtless one of London's famous inns in the old times and it is still an inn-house. It is a great stand point for seeing the going and coming to and from "the Derby"—a sight seen nowhere in the world but in London. Our kind old chaperone led us to the Tabernacle and directing us how to get in, went off to a side door and we saw him no more. Several persons stand just within the iron gates with their hands filled with little envelopes, in which one may put a willing offering, and drop them in boxes conveniently arranged along the enclosing wall. These facilities are again furnished inside the house. One need never be at loss in giving at the Tabernacle, if only so disposed. These boxes are in lieu of the ordinary "collection" we are all so familiar with. Entering the well-remembered audience-room, where 22 years ago I heard the famous preacher, I found it quite unchanged, except that the paint and gilding were more dingy, and the pews bore marks of constant use. The house inside is a beautiful oval, with two galleries running all around, and the pulpit on a level with the first one. The speaker is visible from every seat in the house, and the prodigious room, which holds 7,000 people, is perfect, almost in acoustic properties. At 11 o'clock, promptly Mr. Spurgeon came to his place. The pasting years have made few marks upon him. The thick-set form was as massive as the mellow voice unchanged; the old fire and earnestness nearly unabated; only the hair is turning gray, though the beard, which he wears full, save the upper lip, is not so, at least as seen across the imperfectly lighted room; 600 gas-jets, half turned on, help the struggling daylight to keep all bright.

The great preacher has his elders seated in a semi-circle behind him, and a present standing beside him, starts the hymn and leads the music without an instrument of any kind. The congregational singing is very impressive. About 5,000 people were present, comfortably filling all but the upper gallery. Mr. Spurgeon is certainly a very "plain man," like Jacob of old, with a figure too stumpy for grace, a narrow brow and heavy cheeks—suggesting nothing either spiritual or intellectual. But here appearances are deceptive, for he is certainly both, as all know. His hair is cut half short and stands up stiffly. He gesticulates much with his left hand, holding on to the railing with his right and all his arm motions are very graceful. He never hesitates for a word and his words are wonderfully chosen, or rather wonderfully given of God. Ex. 36:7, 8, were the verses chosen, preceded by his admirable running comment on the whole chapter, after the first song and prayer. He has two long prayers and three hymns, occupying, with the reading of the scriptures and exposition, 45 minutes. The sermon is also 45, and he closes promptly at half past 12 o'clock, with the benediction pronounced as usual as the sermon is finished.

Mr. S. invited his own people to remain away at night to give strangers the house, and asked them to look in at some of the twelve chapels he gave a list of, and see how they were getting along. The chapels are all aware of the fruit of the central hive, or rather the fruit of the central

ery in pastor and people. He is beyond question the most energetic worker in London. May the dear LORD spare him many years. I have only to add that the house was very cold, and I had to sit in my heavy winter clothes the whole time. Even the speaker's clear voice could not overcome the coughing and sneezing and nose blowing of several thousands which was kept up during the entire service.

At 3 P. M., we went to Westminster Abbey. This place is at least four miles from our lodgings and we made half the distance by the Underground Railway, which starts from a point near the famous "Mansion House." We went 3d class for the inevitable "tuppence," in a dirty car divided into four compartments, with room for 10 or 12 in each. The carriages are lighted with gas and are swiftly propelled by steam.

At the Abbey we found a jam, without standing room in the "Poet's Corner." At last a gentleman left his chair and I pointed up to it for Mr. Spurgeon on the piano stool. With me and I stood throughout. The sermon was an earnest one, delivered in a good, clear voice, but so vast is the audience-room that the most of it came like a sound without import and was lost in the pines and arches of the great building. The subject was the history of the prophet Jeremiah and his times, tracing the analogy with our own and urging the need of a devoted, faithful prophet who would "cry aloud and spare not." It was really a most faithful and earnest discourse, of which I could only catch enough to trace the barest outline, but one sentence was worth the long waiting, as with raised voice and impassioned energy he cried out: "O God of our Father, send us one prophet, who shall awaken Thy slumbering Church, O Redeemer of mankind, send us one prophet, who shall be true to his mission and speak fearlessly the truth; O Holy Spirit, send one prophet, who shall speak without fear or favor." As he paused for a moment after uttering this impressive cry to God, I bowed my head and the deep down cry of my whole heart responded: "with a mighty, earnest cry in the spirit, 'O God of thy people Israel; God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, lead me to that prophet, to speak in the ears of Thy people what Thou has to tell them.' I worshipped more fervently in Westminster Abbey than in the Tabernacle. Wonderful to relate, I felt more at home in that old vaulted church of the many centuries, than in the more modern offshoot from the parent stem. After all, rail at her as we will, in spite of all the formality that has degraded her worship and the loss of many of her treasures, she is still a place of decay skin to death, there is no Church on earth like the Church of England—no holy army of martyrs like to her; no ritual so pure and uplifting; no giants in theology like her; no history on the whole, so honorable.

As I like a chamberlain, taking on the color of my surroundings? Be it so; this is the honest expression of my soul's thoughts this Sunday night.
We linger after service listening to the lovely organ notes until a servant came to tell us the door was closed. I saw not, I felt the presence of the "God of Israel," "of Jacob" in that house as I never felt it before. The "Stone of Israel" was there too and it was to me a deep reality. In fact there is no spot on earth to me like Westminster Abbey. How I longed to deliver a message to the cushions, as did Will and I. From this point of observation we could watch other at odd times. The eating-room almost deserted. Pallid wreaths staggering around holding to anything permanent; some trying to keep up courage by laughing and talking, followed by ominous silence and inglorious faces, one poor young fellow in a moment of misery lying flat on his stomach and at full length; and all profoundly miserable who were feeling old ocean's revenge for the past 24 days exemption from his clutches. Met one steamer to-day, bound for Boston—an American vessel—rolling and pitching fearfully, and the sea washing her decks, as she braved the "nor-wester" we were running before. I am glad we are going east. The homeward bound vessels are having a fearful time getting into port.

Three hundred and three miles was our run to-day—about the best the "Pavonia" can do, I judge, and fast enough to satisfy reasonable wishes.

Again and again the sea dashed over the sky lights of the forward saloon to-day and in spite of all that could be done in the way of stopping it out, the salt water got into the ship, running dark streaks across the carpets here and there, dripping thro' skylights and making it damp and uncomfortable. The whole ship is cold, too, tho' furnished with steam heaters under settees and lower berths. But the furious cold, comes through continually opened doors and searches every part of the ship with its chilling breath.

No music to-night, but the shrill whistle of the wind through the vessel's cordage. "All the daughters of music are brought low" by the common scourge and our "Col-lard" upright is as dumb as an oyster. Music needs surroundings to make it musical. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." It is the divine direction. We are not merry. I hope the rest "pray" a good deal, as I do, following the other direction, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." Praise the LORD. I have only missed one meal yet—breakfast this morning. That is a grand record for such weather, and surely the reward of simple trust, nothing else. I have never for a moment yielded to the enemy, even at the sickest point, but met him steadily with faith in God. I shall win. Pray for me. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

The son came out beautifully about 10 o'clock and for the first time we saw the water at its best—darkly, deeply, beautifully blue. Fragments of "sea weed, floating about in the water, and a good many gulls playing round the steamer in circling flights.

At 12 M., we had made another 302 miles—rather less than I should have expected from a favoring wind and sea, such as we have had. Towards evening the freshening wind "howled round" and when we retired for the night we were scudding before a stiff gale from the N. W., the steamer rolling heavily, with fore-sail, fore-top-sail and flying-jib set to keep her steady.

We struck the Gulf Stream at dark, or a little after, but no change of temperature—the whole vessel being cold, except at the side of the great smoke-stack, on deck. Not a sail in sight all day and the birds have left us almost entirely.

We had an hour's music before retiring, under difficulties, two stalwarts being required to hold the performer on the piano stool. Everybody did what they could, however, and there were no critics to mar the enjoyment. So far so good, and we retired trusting.

FEB. 24th.—All night the gale continued and the good "Pavonia" rolled and pitched and tossed at a great rate. Our berths are on the windward side, which is fortunate, for we only had to settle in the lee side of them with backs to the wall, knees slightly bent to prevent rolling about and then sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Pretty rough rocking last night, but we all slept soundly.

Up at the ringing of the rising gong, but while dressing, as best we could, the well-known symptoms began to appear in us all. By hasty robing and a staggering rush, I got on deck, to find myself in a driving snow storm, waves running the tension "mountain high" deck wet and cold; a few forlorn passengers trying to keep their legs and succeeding indifferent-ly; sea of ink with scattered crests of snowy foam and the "Pavonia" "dead drunk" and no mistake, but going through the water at a snail's pace, perhaps 14 knots. A knot being a geographical mile or about a fifth longer than our land statute mile, gives our speed about 17 miles an hour. The good steamer is slow, but all pronounce her a grand sea-boat—staunch and steady. She is a bark-rigger, i. e., I mast, with the rear 15 mizen mast without yards, and only schooner-rigged. She had an increase of canvas this morning, the wind being favorable, and sail and steam combine to bear us rapidly on.

Her measurements are 450 feet long, 48 feet beam (or breadth) with a rounded tonnage of about 3,500—a noble vessel in every respect; a screw propeller, with 25 feet draught on this voyage; manned by Britons exclusively. Our party heavily demoralized to-day, though none of us so ill as on board the "Old Dominion." Wife and Willie, eldest, Marie next, George, youngest, while Charles and the doctor escape scot free. I sat down to breakfast, but left it untasted. No will power could force food against the unwilling stomach. At 1 o'clock managed a slice of cold tongue heavily coated with mustard and half a cup of weak tea. Willie took his by me, ordered cold roast beef, looked at it a moment pensively and fed incontinently, though returning after a while and forcing a few mouthfuls down. The wife and Marie yielded unconditionally and went to bunk. George fought it out on the cabin room safe cushions, as did Will and I. From this point of observation we could watch other at odd times. The eating-room almost deserted. Pallid wreaths staggering around holding to anything permanent; some trying to keep up courage by laughing and talking, followed by ominous silence and inglorious faces, one poor young fellow in a moment of misery lying flat on his stomach and at full length; and all profoundly miserable who were feeling old ocean's revenge for the past 24 days exemption from his clutches. Met one steamer to-day, bound for Boston—an American vessel—rolling and pitching fearfully, and the sea washing her decks, as she braved the "nor-wester" we were running before. I am glad we are going east. The homeward bound vessels are having a fearful time getting into port.

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Kennedy fell and broke one of his legs a few days ago.
—Mrs. J. I. McKinney, of Richmond, was on a visit to her parents here Saturday.
—Geo. Kindard, the horse paint dinger, is beautifying the residence of R. H. Batson with a new coat of paint.
—Nath. Shumate and Sam Warricket have formed a partnership and will open a general supply store at Roundstone.
—Everybody that has any thing of interest to tell, call on the reporter at this place. Headquarters at the depot. Items of interest thankfully received.
—Mr. D. G. Slaughter will run a telephone line from his store to the depot in a short time which will be a great convenience to him and the agent, as he ships and receives a great many goods.
—The city papers have it that Mr. W. L. Barnes, one of our good looking young men, eloped and was married "a few days ago." That is all a mistake. He returned Tuesday evening, but didn't bring his better half with him.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

A Texas Farm For Sale!

I will sell or exchange my Farm in Texas for lands in Maryland, Missouri, Illinois or Ohio counties. This farm is situated in Tarrant county, Texas, about 12 or 14 miles south of the city of Fort Worth and about same distance North of the City of Cleburne, in Johnson county. Contains 200 Acres of fine land, all under fence, with a good barn and a good water on place. It is first-class farming land and is especially well suited for raising cattle, being on a high plateau between two river basins of water. It is about one mile East of the turn-off route of the Fort Worth & Rio Grande R. R., which will be completed in a short time, and about 3 miles West of the U. C. & Santa Fe R. R. now in operation from Ft. Worth to Galveston. This farm is in the great cotton and wheat raising section of Northern Texas and very desirable for any one wanting to farm or raise cattle. Also have on the place a small flock of short horn Heifers, with call and one short horn Bull, 3 years old, this spring, also farming implements, that I will trade with the place. W. M. McKEE DEWEAN, Jan. 11, 1893, 112-2m Lancaster, Ky.

Citizens National Bank.

TRUSTEE DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, FEB. 23, 1893.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the on assigned, it has been made to appear that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the town of Lancaster, in the county of Garrard and State of Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.
Now, therefore, I, John J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the town of Lancaster, in the county of Garrard and State of Kentucky is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section 5,163 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.
In testimony whereof, Witness my hand and seal of office, this 23d day of February, 1893. JOHN J. KNOX, Comptroller of the Currency. 112-2m No. 2,885.

Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

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Office—South side of Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR., Is a candidate for Representative in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the Legislature.

'SQUIRE J. S. MURPHY Is a candidate to represent Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the Democracy.

Stanford Female College. STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers, This Institution will open its Thirtieth Session on the 23d Monday in September next.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$10 to \$20 in regular Department. Primary, \$25; Intermediate, \$30; Preparatory, \$40, and College, \$50.

For full particulars, see to Board, or address Geo. S. C. TRUBENKAMP, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

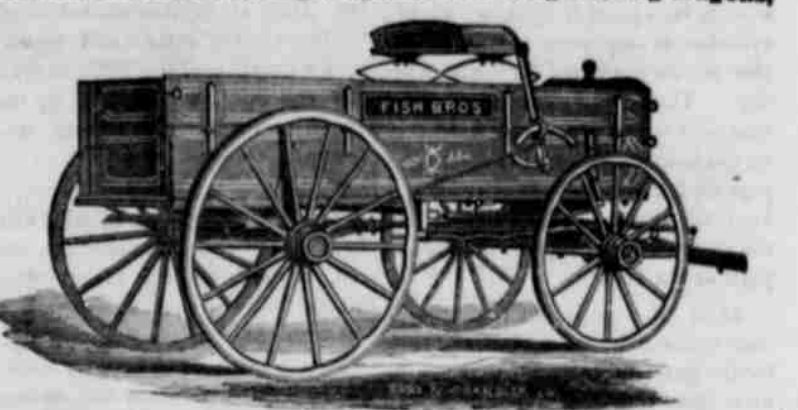
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Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware
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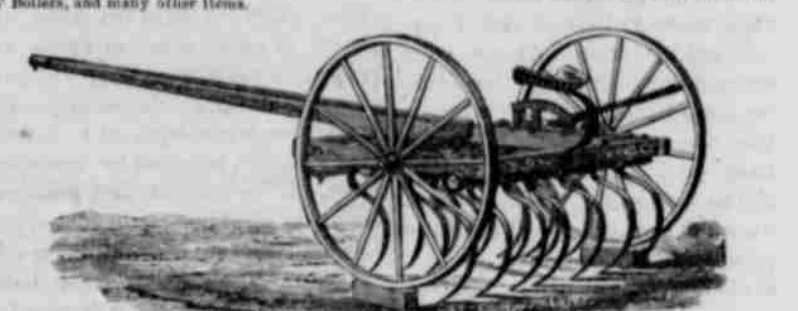
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Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Carts, Rippers, Mowers, Hay Bales, Grain Drills, Broadcast Sowers, Sulky Harrows, Sulky Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farmers' Buries, and many other items.



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Parties in want of any goods in my line will come nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



[Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Harrow.]

Also handle Grain and Seeds of all kinds, also Hay and Wool.

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W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot

R. H. WEAREN, Manager Richmond Depot

I desire to call your special attention to the JEWEL RANGE,

which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste in ornamentation, is unequalled.

THE KING OF THE FIELD!



Farmers and Plowmen, listen—Oliver Chilled metal will not corrode, the heaviest rust will remove in a few minutes. The Oliver is a Center Draft Plow, having sliding lands, which draw away with the pressure found in straight land Plows. The Oliver has hundreds of imitators, no manufacturer will imitate an inferior Plow. The Oliver has a record unparalleled in the history of Plows. Your neighbors will tell you to BUY THE OLIVER, and take no other.

W. H. HIGGINS.